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THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE and MIRACLES Of our Blessed SAVIOUR, Jesus Christ;

From His Birth to His Crucifixion.

AS ALSO, THE LIVES, SUFFERINGS and DEATH OF THE EVANGELISTS and APOSTLES.

Taken from the Holy Scriptures, and the Learned Writings of Eminent Divines of the CHURCH *to these Times. With explanatory Notes, relating to those Prophets, who foretold of our Blessed Saviour's Coming upon the Earth.* By T. G.

Also the Respect, even of Heathens, shewn to our Blessed Saviour: As a Letter of Invitation sent to CHRIST *by King* AGBARUS; *with our Saviour's Answer. And another Letter sent by by* PUBLIUS LENTULUS *to the Senate of* ROME *concerning our Redeemer's Person, Doctrine, Miracles, and Behaviour.*

Done into VERSE, *for the Delight and Improvement of the weakest Capacity, and not unworthy the Perusal of the most knowing. The like never comprehended in so small a Volume before, and is particularly adapted to the Memory of Children.*

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To the Eternal Fountain of Goodneſs,

JESUS CHRIST,

The Saviour of Mankind.

FOuntain of Fountain! let thy Streams
Diſtil into my thirſty Soul:
O Son of Heav'n, impart thy Beams,
To which SOL's radiant Beams are foul;
That ſo, while I preſume to ſing,
Thy quick'ning Spirit may inſpire,
With rapturous Joy; and with the Wing
Of ſweet Devotion, mount me higher.

Thy Life and Death's too too divine
For any mortal Man to write:
Yet, Bleſſed Lord! accept each Line,
Which Love and Duty do excite;
Drawn from the Pens of Holy Men,
Who aid with Thee on Earth converſe;
Who cou'd thy Actions, where, and when,
And thy Original rehearſe.

Yet, farther, Lord, I thee beſeech,
To help me through this falling Life;
Humble, like Thee, to be in Speech;
Like Thee, behave through Cares and Strife;
That, when Death comes, to eaſe our Woes,
We may enjoy thy Heavenly Sight;
With Pleaſure ſee this Veil diſcloſe,
And live with Thee, our Soul's Delight.

The LIVES of the Blessed JESUS, and His APOSTLES, &c.

CHAP. I.

ALmost Four Thousand Years had past,
Whilst Sin had spread invenom'd Wings,
'Till in AUGUSTUS' Reign, at last,
Appear'd the Glorious KING of KINGS.

Like to the DAWN, * *AURORA* fair,
The Blessed † VIRGIN may be styl'd;
But, as the DAY, more bright and clear,
Such was the Heavenly INFANT mild.

Thus GOD His Promise did fulfill,
What ** PROPHETS long of CHRIST foretold:
MARY obey'd the Heavenly Will, *Luk.* I. 38.
Which JOSEPH's Vision did unfold. *Mat.* I. 20, &c.

* *Quæ est ista quæ progreditur quasi Aurora consurgens.* i. e. What is the that goeth forth as a rising Morning! *Serm. of* John *Bishop of* Rochester.

† *When the Virgin* Mary *conceived by the Holy Ghost, she was but fifteen Years of Age.*

** Isaiah, *who is call'd the Evangelical Prophet.* Hosea, *of his flying into Ægypt.* Micah, *of his Birth.* Jeremiah, *of his springing from Jacob.* Daniel, *that he should put a Period to the Oblations of the Levitical Priests.* Haggai, *animating the People with the Desire of all Nations.* Malachi, *the Restoration of Jerusalem.* John Baptist, *(Son of Zechariah the Priest, and his Wife Elizabeth) that he should turn the Hearts of the Fathers to the Children.* Zachary, Visitavit nos Oriens ex Alto: Illuminare his qui in Tenebris & in Umbra Mortis sedent. *i. e. To give Light unto them that sit in Darkness, and in the Shadow of Death.*

When Great AUGUSTUS rul'd in Rome,
The Thirty Seventh of Herod's Reign,
JOSEPH and MARY, to the Town
Of Bethlem, in Judea, came. *Luk.* II. 4.

The Inns were fill'd, ſo they conſtrain'd
To Stables, cut from harden'd Rocks;
One of them choſe, a Manger gain'd, *ver.* 7.
Where, feeding near them, was the Ox.

Here, without Pain, as without Sin,
The Holy Virgin's brought to Bed!
The Infant fair, without, within,
In ſwadling Clothes reclines its Head.

Alas! ſweet Child! was there no other,
No better Place to lay thy Head?
No ſofter Bed for thy dear Mother,
But both obſcurely here be laid!

Yet, what to Great Ones were conceal'd,
To Shepherds, near where David kept *ver.* 9.
His Sheep; to theſe Heaven firſt reveal'd
Glad Tydings, whilſt all others ſlept.

An ANGEL bright, encircled round
With Glories tranſparently clear:
"Shepherds, (ſaid He) Let Joys abound;
"Let now attentive be your Ear.

"A SAVIOUR to the WORLD is born,
"A BABE to Humane Eyes diſplay'd,
"All poorly wrapt in ſwathing Bands,
"And in a Manger laid."

Thus ſpake the Angel, and forthwith
Appear'd a ſhining Throng
Of ANGELS, praiſing GOD, and thus
Began their joyful SONG.

"All Glory be to GOD on High,
"And to the Earth be Peace:
"Good Will from Heaven to mortal Men
"Begin, and never ceaſe."

Thrice happy, happy Shepherds then,
To hear ſuch as the Angels ſung,
When GOD created Heaven and Men, *Job* 38. 7.
Such their Redemption loudly rung.

When

When to the higher Heavens they flew,
And Shadows fill'd their lightſome Space;
With Joy the watchful Shepherds knew,
By Angel's Guide, to find the Place.

Thro' every Village, which they paſs'd,
Proclaim'd the joyful happy Sound.
Words upon Words, like Ecchoes grac'd,
When they 'gainſt Rocks and Hills rebound.

Kings of CHALDEA, PERSIAN Lands,
And of ARABIA's Deſarts wild,
A Bright Cæleſtial STAR demands
Their Journey to the Heavenly Child.

Unwearied Steps their Travels bleſs,
They come to fair Jeruſalem;
KING OF THE JEWS, they CHRIST expreſs,
Who ought to wear the Diadem.

Thence paſſing unto Bethlehem Town,
The Star, obſequious, ſtopt above:
Proſtrate the Eaſtern Kings fell down,
And ſhew'd their Loyalty and Love.

Thoſe Products, which their Countries yield,
Bright ſhining Gold, and Odours ſweet;
What grac'd their Perſons, or the Field, *Mat.*
They laid 'em at our Saviour's Feet. 2. 11.

HEROD enrag'd, when well he knew
His Sanhedrim's prognoſtick Tale;
In Blood he would his Hands imbrue,
That over CHRIST he might prevail. *ver.* 16.

Alas! what horrid dread Alarms,
What mournful Sights did fill the Plain!
The Children, dragg'd from Mothers Arms,
Were ſtuck on Spears, or cut in twain!

But all in vain, the Heav'nly Power
Doth ſhield the Son of Heav'n from Ill;
And after, Worms did him devour, JOSEPHUS.
Who would our Bleſt Redeemer kill.

In this Maſſacre, a Son of King HEROD's, then an Nurſe, was ſlain with the reſt.

CHAP. II. *Of our Redeemer's Life and Miracles.*

AT Twelve Years old, moſt ſtrange to hear,
He in the Temple plainly ſhow'd,
To Jewiſh Doctors ſitting there, *Luke* II. 46, 47.
Such Knowledge like the Son of God.

When in Judea's Deſart brought, *Matth.* 4. *Luke* 4.
Enabled forty Days to † faſt, and † *Mark* 1.
In vain the Tempter did accoſt,
And * loſt his Labour to the laſt. * MILTON.

Nor the fair Temple's higheſt Spire,
Nor Piſgah's Mountain could him charm;
CHRIST forc'd the Tempter to retire,
And of his Weapons did diſarm.

Soon after he Diſciples gain'd,
And ſtill to make himſelf divine,
At Cana's Feaſt, his Power maintain'd,
He turn'd their * Water into Wine.

Thoſe, who would buy, and who wou'd ſell,
He drove from off the Temple's Floor. *John* II. 15.
With Woman, at Samaria's Well, *John* IV. 7.
Diſcours'd of living Water's Store.

The Son of Chuza, Herod's Steward, *ver.* 46, &c.
Our Saviour with a Word did heal:
That, and the Father's Faith, reſtor'd
What the Youth's Safety did reveal.

Peter and Andrew, James and John, *Luk.* 5.
To theſe while on the Silver Main,
His Power commands the finny Throng,
When as before they fiſh'd in vain.

A poor Man by a Dæmon griev'd, *Luk.* 4. 33.
With Sin, and Satan's Power ſtung;
He from convulſive Pains reliev'd,
For which Chriſt's Fame was loudly rung.

* John ii. 7, &c. *Some ſay the ſix Water-Pots held eighteen hundred Quarts.*

Peter

Peter's Wife's Mother he reſtor'd — *Mat.* 8. 15.
From ſcorching Fever's burning Heat;
The laying of his Hand, or Word,
Heal'd all Infirmities compleat.

* Bethesda's Pool could not do more,
In curing thoſe, who enter'd in;
Chriſt did the Impotent reſtore, — *Luke* 7. 50.
And heal'd the believing Soul from Sin.

He cur'd the lame Man's wither'd Hand; — *Mark* 3. 5.
Numbers, who touch'd him, found Relief; — *ver.* 10.
Spirits impure, at his Command,
Were diſpoſſeſs'd to Satan's Grief. — *Matth.* 8. 16.

Near Gallilee, a Widow's Son, — *Luk.* 7. 12.
Deceas'd, was borne upon a Byer;
Chriſt ſpoke the Word, the Work was done,
The Youth aroſe, whilſt all admire. — *v.* 14, 15.

A poor Demoniac, blind and dumb, — *Mat.* XII. 22.
Reſtor'd to Uſe of Speech and Sight,
Declares him to be David's Son,
Againſt blaſpheming Jewiſh Spite.

Embark'd upon the raging Sea, — *Mat.* 8. *ver.*
While his Diſciples were afraid, — 23. to 26.
Both Winds and Waves our Lord obey,
In Cliffs and Mountains hide their Head.

Two Creatures poor, poſſeſs'd in Mind, — *Ver.* 28.
One with a Legion wounded ſore; — to 32.
Chriſt made thoſe Devils enter Swine,
And trouble theſe two Men no more.

JARUS's Daughter he reſtor'd, — *Mark* 5. 42.
Altho' embrac'd by Death's cold Hand:
Two blind Men but implor'd the Lord, — *Mat.* 9.
And they by Faith their Sight regain'd. — 29, 30.

A Multitude by Chriſt was fed, — *Mat.* 15. 36, 37, *&c.*
With two ſmall Fiſhes, Loaves but ſeven:
He on the Sea, as Braſs, did tread; — *Joh.* 6. 19.
A Dæmon was from Virgin driven. — *Mark* 7. 29, 30.

* *A famous Pool, S. E. Part of* Jeruſalem, *which waſhing the Sacrifices, 'twas thought a deſcending Angel gave it a healing Quality.*

He

He cur'd a Man both deaf and dumb. *Mark* 7. 33.
His Fingers put into his Ears, 34, 35.
With Spittle laid upon his Tongue,
The wond'ring Patient ſpeaks and hears.

On Tabor's lofty Mountain bleak, *Luke* 9. *ver.*
Our Saviour was intent in Prayer; 28. to 31.
There MOSES and ELIAS ſpeak,
There cloath'd in Glory did appear.

The Apoſtles heard a Voice from Heaven,
"Hear him, my pleas'd beloved Son! V. 35.
No greater Sign could ſure be given,
Nor more amazing Wonders done.

A poor Man's Child, by Spirit vile, *Luk.* 9.
Alternate thrown in Streams and Fire;
JESUS! He took him but a while,
And Hell's infernal Troops retire. *ver.* 38. *to* 42.

A wicked Spirit, of evil Kind, *Luke* 12, 13.
Abus'd a Woman eighteen Years:
A Man too, who had been born blind, *Joh.* 9. 7.
Chriſt eaſes them of both their Cares.

Four Days was LAZARUS in his Tomb. *John* 11.
'Till Jeſus call'd him out from thence. 17. *to* 44.
This prov'd the Great Meſſiah come,
And ſhew'd divine Omnipotence.

Many the Scriptures do declare –
Of Wonders great beyond my Verſe;
Which not the Books that written are,
Or ſhould be writ, could full rehearſe. *Joh.* 21. 25.

CHAP. III. *Containing our Saviour's Sufferings, and Aſcenſion.*

YE Prieſts and Scribes, moſt unbelov'd,
As much as falſe Things are to true:
The Earth felt Earthquakes; how unmov'd,
How could you, Monſters, how could you?

King AGBARUS a Letter ſent
Unto our Bleſſed Saviour dear;
Words that are holy, permanent,
And do require attentive Ear. *King*

King AGBARUS's * *Letter.*

OF thee I've heard, and of thy Fame,
"Beyond all Natural, Human Skill;
Thou cur'ſt the Leprous, Blind and Lame,
"And caſts out Devils, thro' thy Will.

I hearing theſe, my Belief is this,
"Thou muſt be God, or elſe His Son:
For in this World, none ſure there is,
"Can do thoſe Wonders thou haſt done.

Wherefore ſince I do underſtand
"The Jews do ſtrive to work thee Hate:
Come, come, thou Bleſſed! out of Hand,
"Come to my City, ſmall, but neat.

'Twill ſerve us both; you welcome are,
"And glad I'll be to ſee thy Sight."
As'd with the King, our Saviour dear
This kindly Anſwer did indite.

Our Saviour's Anſwer to King AGBARUS.

BLeſt are thou, O AGBARUS, King,
"In whoſe Heart Faith divinely reigns;
And me, thy Saviour, yet unſeen;
"My Honour undefil'd maintains.

'Tis writ of me, They which have ſeen,
Should never on me ſtedfaſt believe;
That thoſe, who have not happy been
In ſeeing me, ſhould believe, and live.

But as to what thou ſeem'ſt intent,
Theſe are to intimate to thee,
muſt return to Him that ſent,
When all Things are fulfill'd of me.

This Letter, and the Anſwer to it, was tranſlated by EUSEBIUS, *out of the Records of* EDESSA, *written in the Syrian Tongue.*

" Yet after my Aſcent to Heaven,
" A Bleſt DISCIPLE thee ſhall cure ;
" Thy ſad Diſtemper quite be driven,
" New Life be given, ſound and pure.

" And not to thee, O King, alone,
" But unto all who round thee wait ;
" Knowledge thro' Me ſhall bleſs thy Throne,
" And bring Thee to my Father's Gate.

Thus Lentulus, in Tiberius Time, *Joſephus.*
Governour of JUDEA fair,
A Letter wrote to thoſe of Rome,
Concerning Chriſt our Saviour dear.

Publius Lentulus's Letter.

" IN our Days a Man appear'd,
" Still living, JESUS call'd by Name ;
" Who as a Prophet is rever'd,
" Nay, call'd God's Son, of Heavenly Frame.

" The Dead he raiſes, Sickneſs heals,
" A Man of Stature, comely, tall !
" Rev'rence his Countenance reveals,
" Which cauſes Fear, yet Love withall.

" His Hair of Cheſnut Colour ripe,
" And plain down almoſt to his Ears :
" From thence 'tis ſomewhat curl'd, more bright,
" O'er Shoulders, waving, it appears.

" Mid'ſt of his Head, a Seam of Hair,
" Goes parting like a Nazarite :
" Smooth doth his lovely Face appear,
" Which, mix'd with Red, attracts the Sight.

" His Noſe and Mouth ſo comely, fair,
" Nothing can reprehended be ;
" His Beard thick, colour'd like his Hair,
" Eyes grey, and quick, with Majeſty.

" When he reproves, he's then ſevere ;
" Counſelling, you'd think an Angel ſpeaks ;
" Tho' grave his Speech, yet charms the Ear
" Of him, who his lov'd Doctrine ſeeks.

" N

No one has ſeen this good Man laugh,
" But weeping, fearing others Harms;
His Body ſtrait, of beauteous Shape;
" Delectable his Hands and Arms.

In Speaking, temp'rate, modeſt, wiſe;
" A Man for ſing'lar Beauty; when
We look, we find him, with Surprize,
" Exceeding far the * Sons of Men.

Thus Heathens, of our Bleſſed Lord,
Wrote with reſpective Eloquence,
Whilſt cruel JEWS, to be abhorr'd,
Blaſphem'd divine Omnipotence.

If we now mark his Life and Death,
Our Tears ſhould prove like falling Show'rs,
For his dear Sake, who, when on Earth,
Shed melting heaven-like Tears for our's.

PALM SUNDAY.

The JEWS now mad, our Lord to ſee,
And People's Hands with Palms replete,
To vote His Death they all agree,
Whoſe Power they view'd ſublime and great.

MONDAY.

The Fig-Tree falls a Sacrifice,
Becauſe no Old Fruit grew thereon;
The Money-Changers out he drives,
Who in the Temple were a Throng.

TUESDAY.

JESUS diſputes his Power there,
Defeats the Scribes and learned Men;
To Mountain Olivet doth repair,
And tells of Wonders how, and when.

After doth waſh th' Apoſtles Feet,
Declares the Traytor JUDAS vile;
To him he gives the Sop to eat,
That treach'rous Wretch, who ſhould beguile.

* Pſal. 45. 3, *Fairer than the Children of Men.* Beſides this, *Joſephus* gives a great Character of our Bleſſed Saviour.

WED.

WEDNESDAY.

The Prieſts aſſemble, JUDAS goes,
Betrays his Lord for wretched Gold:
For †† thirty Pieces heap'd on Woes,
When he his Bleſt Redeemer ſold.

THURSDAY.

At Night the Supper forth was ſet,
When Bread was given, Wine it flow'd:
To Getheſemene Chriſt went, and wept,
And pray'd 'till he ſweat Drops of Blood.

Near which, the JEWS did apprehend
Our Lord, betray'd by JUDAS Kiſs;
The Apoſtles fly, and PETER then
Deny'd his Bleſſed Maſter thrice.

Good FRIDAY.

Next Morning, *Pilate* would releaſe,
But all the cruel JEWS ſaid, No!
Then mock'd, they robe him in Diſgrace,
And ſend to *Herod* too and fro.

That Chriſt, (O ſtrange it is to tell!)
Should Subſtitute his Heav'nly Frame,
With Mocks and Scourges here ſhould dwell,
And on the Croſs expos'd in Shame!

Between two Thieves be crucify'd, *Luk.* 23. 3
Pierc'd thro' his Side, his Hands, and Feet!
Bleeding, whilſt curſed *Jews* deride, *ver.* 35
Could Cruelty be more compleat?

Yet, far from calling Vengeance due,
Chriſt prays for them, whoſe Sins were moſt.
Forgive..... they know not what they do! ver. 34
Then bowing, yielded up the Ghoſt.

The Temple rends, the Rocks are ſplit, *Mat.* 27. 51
While different Orders change their Place:
The † bright Sun, as with Horror ſmit,
In Deteſtation, veil'd its Face.

†† They were called Staders, or Shekles of the Sanctuary, which amount to Three Pounds Fifteen Shil. of our Money.

† When Dionyſius the Areopagite, was at Athens, and perceived the wonderful Eclipſe, he cryed out, Aut Deus naturæ patitur, aut Mundi machina diſſolvetur. That is, Either the God of Nature ſuffers, or the Frame of this World is diſſolved.

ho can tell the Virgin's Grief!
Sword seem'd piercing to her Heart : *Luke* II.
Son, the Lord o'er Heaven and Earth, 35.
feel for, u[illegible]ch bitter Smart !

Cruel Longinus! could'ſt thou bore
Thy Saviour's Side, with ſharpen'd Spear?
'Tis well thou didſt; 'tis one Wound more,
In which our Sins immerged are.

Thrice happy * Joſeph, then to greet,
With melting Eyes, thy Saviour dear!
In Linnen wrapt, with Spices ſweet,
To lay him in thy Sepulcher!.

SATURDAY.

On this Day Pilate ſent a Guard
To watch our Savior's ſilent Tomb,
Becauſe that JESUS had declar'd
The third Day he from thence would come.

EASTER SUNDAY.

When Mary Magdalen, with more,
Went the next Morn, to pay their laſt
To Him, whom they in Life adore,
Were at th' amazing Sight aghaſt.

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* This Joſeph was the Son of one M[illegible]thias, a[illegible]mathea, and was a Phari[illegible]ee, 'till our Saviour pre[illegible] his Doctrine. The Sepulchre was made for hi[illegible] 8 Foot long, ſituated about 180 Foot from M[illegible] Calvary, and diſtant 1000 Paces from Mount S[illegible] It was cut out of a Rock: Our Saviour's Head[illegible] placed towards the Weſt, with his Face to the E[illegible] C ſtom to this Day in Uſe among the Chriſ[illegible] After Chriſt's Death, Joſeph lived a ſolitary Life[illegible] being adopted one of the 72 Diſciples by St. Pet[illegible] ter many Tribulations, he was ordain'd to preac[illegible] Goſpel in England; where landing at Barrow-[illegible] Somerſetſhire, he came from thence to Glaſtenb[illegible] Years after Chriſt's Death, aged 54, where he h[illegible] ſet his Staff in the Earth, it turn'd into a bloſſo[illegible] Thorn, which to late Times was noted for bu[illegible] Yearly on Chriſtmas Day in the Morning, bloſſo[illegible] at Noon, and fading at Night. Joſeph had wit[illegible] twelve Companions, by whom the Abbey of G[illegible] bury was built; which in ſucceeding Ages w[illegible] ply endow'd with Revenues, ornamented an[illegible] nour'd by Princes and Kings.

The Guards lay proſtrate, tho' as dead,
No Stone was found againſt the Door!
The Napkin left, which bound Chriſt's Head,
And Shroud that vail'd his Body o're.

Inſtead of which, they ſtrait beheld
Two Angels ſhine with Glory bright; *Luk.* 24. 4.
Back, ſent to Peter, they reveal'd
Chriſt's Reſurrection, and their Sight.

Peter and John did thither go; *Joh.* 20. 3.
Return'd again: Mary behind,
Lamenting, JESUS let her know, *ver.* 16.
'Twas Him ſhe ſought, and ſooth'd her Mind.

To two Diſciples he appears, *Luk.* 24. 15.
As they walk'd to Emaus Town;
Who knew him not, 'till his Diſcourſe *ver.* 31.
Clear'd up their Eyes; then Him they own.

Back to Jeruſalem they haſte,
Where Peter did his Saviour ſee:
JESUS to all appears, and asks *Luk.* 24.
For Meat, and eats, to ſhew 'twas He. *v.* 41, &c.

Bids them, The Holy Ghoſt receive. *Joh.* 20. 22.
But faithleſs Thomas was not there:
Who told of this, could not yet believe
'Till JESUS did again appear.

Reach here thy Fingers, ſaith our Lord, *v.* 27,
And thruſt thy Hands into my Side. 28, &c.
Thomas his Unbelief abhorr'd:
My Lord! My God! he then reply'd.

Seven of the Apoſtles fiſh'd at Sea,
And nothing all the Night they caught;
But at the Dawn of following Day,
Our Lord did help them to a Draught. *Joh.* 21. 6.

Peter with haſte did ſwim therefore,
And with the reſt did haſte to Land:
Chriſt dines with them upon the Shore,
And gave to Peter ſtrict Command. *ver.* 15, 16, 17.

Another Time, our Lord appear'd, *Mat.* 28. 16, &c.
Upon a Galilean Mount;
Five Hundred Brethren there rever'd,
Which all their Scruples did ſurmount.

There

There Power was given for to baptize,
And preach the Goſpel every where;
That Devils ejected be likewiſe, *Mark* III. 1
The Sick recover'd by their Care.

St. James too had our Lord's bleſt Sight, I. *Cor.* 15.
When forty Days were almoſt ſpent:
O inexpreſſed ſweet Delight,
Extatick Joy, and ſweet Content!

The Apoſtles privately being met,
With others at Jeruſalem,
On the laſt Day, as They were ſet,
Chriſt ſuddenly appear'd to them.

Promis'd the Holy Ghoſt with Speed.
Them leads to Oliver's high Head,
Where more his Glory did exceed,
He ſhew'd thoſe Wounds, which for us bled.

His Benediction then he gave,
Whilſt they ador'd, with bended Knees;
With wiſhful Eyes they took their Leave,
And ſaw him mounting by Degrees.

A Cloud enfolds the Heavenly God,
Triumphantly he rides to Heaven;
And there He makes His Bleſt Abode,
By whom Alone we are forgiven.

Mr. Eachard ſays, in his Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, Vol. I. p. 217. 'That
'Lord aſcended on the 14th Day of our Month May, the 5th Month of
'19th Year of the Emperor Tiberius, and in the 36th Year of his Age
'And that if he was born (as Chriſtians moſtly concur) on the 25th
'December, the full Time of his Continuance on Earth was preciſely
'Years and 5 Months; almoſt a Year more than his Fore-runner J
'Baptiſt, who is commemorated the 24th of June.

The LIVES of the Evangeliſts and Apoſtles.

St. MATTHEW, Evangeliſt and Apoſtle.

THro' Perſia, and throughout the Parthian Lands,
He preach'd the Goſpel of our Bleſſed Lord;
At Nuddabar, near Ethiopian Strands,
He fell a Martyr for the Holy Word.
The horrid People caſt him in a Flame,
Which not conſuming his moſt precious Life,
Quite thro' his bleeding Heart a Halbert came,
And thus he left this World of Care and Strife.

This Evangeliſt was an Hebrew, Son of Alpheus, a Galilean, and of Mary Kinſwoman of the Bleſſed Virgin; and was alſo Collector of the Jews, 'till our Saviour call'd him at Capernaum. His Feſtival is on the 21ſt of September.

St. MARK, the Evangeliſt.

I Egypt, and in Africk's Countries wild,
This Saint Chriſt's Doctrine boldly did maintain,
l, in fair Alexandria, beguil'd,
y Pagans this Evangeliſt was ſlain.
h binding Cords thoſe bloody Wretches ty'd
is tender Feet, then dragg'd him on the Stones;
s bruis'd and bleeding, in that Caſe he dy'd,
nd yielded up his Soul with bitter Groans.

His Feſtival is on the 25th of April.

St. LUKE, the Evangeliſt.

IS ſkilful Painter unto Chriſt did turn,
Taught by St. Paul thoſe Things that are divine:
while his Heart with glowing Zeal did burn,
wrote his Goſpel, fam'd in every Line;
preach'd in Egypt, Lybia, and in Greece,
til Barbarians hung him on a Tree;
e happy Soul did mount to Heavenly Bliſs,
d with his Maſter lives eternally.

His Feſtival is on the 18th of October.

St. JOHN, the Evangelist and Apostle.

BY our dear Lord he was most lov'd, 'tis plain,
Christ calls him Boanerges, Son of Thunder.
Some thought he should live 'till he came again,
Yet tho' he did not, here appears a Wonder.
Domitian, Emperor, cast him into * Oyl,
In horrid Caldron over burning Fire;
Cool turns the same, and back the Flames recoil,
As, lo! this Sight averts the Tyrant's Ire.
Howe'er to Patmos Isle he's sent a Slave:
But, lo! what Angels seek him in the Mine! (gav
What wond'rous Truths he wrote, Sights which Hea
And which, while e'er the World do's last, will shi
'Till rolling Ages shall the same declare.
At Ephesus this blest Beloved dy'd.
To Him our Lord bequeath'd his Mother dear,
When He upon the Cross was crucify'd.

His Festival is December 27.

* The History of this holy Saint's being cast into with what was revealed to him, is excellently scribed in the painted Glass of the East Windo York Minster, which equals (if not exceeds) Church Window in this Kingdom; the Descri of which has been published in the Histo York, compil'd by the Author of this little Bo

St. PETER, the Apostle.

PETER by Herod was confin'd in Chains,
But after, at Constantinople great,
He preach'd the Gospel with pure Zeal and Pai
Converting Thousands to a Blessed State.
But when to Rome this Saint again was come,
The bloody Emperor Nero, in his Ire,
Did cause him for to suffer Martyrdom,
And crucify'd he was to his ** Desire.

His Festival is June 29.

** He was first scourg'd, and then crucify'd Head downwards, in Humility to his Bless Jesus.

St. ANDREW, the Apoſtle.

SCythia, Gallatia, Nice, Chalcedon too,
There preach'd the Goſpel with a fervent Heart;
But Petrænis, Conſul, unto Heav'n ne'er true,
He would convert, which caus'd his bitter Smart:
For which condemn'd, he to a Croſs was nail'd,
Whereon, tho' painful, ſtill he preach'd the Word,
Two Days in ſuff'ring, yet his Voice prevail'd,
And then expiring went unto the Lord.

His Feſtival is November 30.

St. JAMES the Great, Apoſtle.

HE was a fervent Preacher of the Word,
And for the ſame by Herod loſt his Head:
But Time will everlaſtingly record,
Jeruſalem, the Place he ſuffered.

His Feſtival is July 25.

St. PHILIP, the Apoſtle.

IN Phrygian Land this Saint did much exclaim
Againſt Idolatry; and Truth did preach
To Heathens, who on Pillar (to their Shame)
Did hang him for the Doctrine he did teach.

His Feſtival is May 1.

St. BARTHOLOMEW, the Apoſtle.

IN the Armenian Climes this Saint he fell,
B'ing flea'd alive by Tyrant King's Command,
Becauſe he preach'd againſt thoſe Sons of Hell,
Whoſe Superſtition won'd the Truth withſtand.

His Feſtival is Auguſt 24.

St. THOMAS, the Apoſtle.

UNbelieving Thomas, once he was a Jew,
But when converted, for his Saviour ſtood;
And tho' a while he doubted what was true,
Yet ſoon convinc'd, for Chriſt would looſe his Blood.
To Perſians, Medes, Hyrcanians did he preach
The Word of Truth moſt faithful, without Art,

'Till Indian Priests with cruel Spears did reach;
And pierc'd the blest Apostle to the Heart.

His Festival is December 21.

St. JAMES the Less, Apostle.

AFter our Lord's Ascension he was chose
By the Apostles Bishop of the Church;
The Scribes and Pharisees, his mortal Foes,
Contriv'd to bring this good Man in the Lurch.
Unto the Pinacle of Temple fair,
They went up with him, and thence threw him down;
Yet living, Men below with Clubs severe,
His Brains did scatter on the Stoney Ground.

His Festival is May 1.

St. SIMON, the Apostle.

A Galilean, of a fervent Zeal,
In Egypt, Africk, Lybia, and Syrene,
In Mauritania too, he did reveal,
The Word of God, which Tyrants did disdain.
Some write, to Britain at the last he came,
Where, like his Saviour, he was crucify'd:
Ah! pity that our Land his Blood should stain,
Where now the Word of Truth is glorify'd.

His Festival is October 28, *with St. Jude's.*

St. JUDE, the Apostle.

'TWas in Judea, Galilee, so fair,
Samaria, Idume, Mesopotame;
The Word of Christ he would have Men revere,
'Till at the length to Persian Lands he came;
Then ty'd to Stake, swift Arrows they let fly,
So thick as cover'd all his Body o'er:
Thus in a painful Manner did he die,
For Christ his sake, whom all the World adore.

St. MATTHIAS, the Apostle.

IN fair Judea he the Gospel preach'd
In Macedonia, Ethiopia too;
But while that in *Jerusalem* he teach'd,
The *Jews*, accurst, with Stones this good Man slew.

His Festival is February 24.

St. PAUL, the Apoſtle.

AT Tarſus born, was noble and well taught,
And firſt a Perſecutor of the Word;
Till ſtruck by Heav'n, by Light exceeding Thought,
Became a Preacher for his bleſſed Lord.
Then ſent to Rome, by Nero loſs his Head,
Faithful to Death this good Saint did remain:
And tho' his Perils were unnumbered;
Now, paſt them all, with Jeſus Chriſt doth reign.

His Feſtival is June 29.

St. BARNABAS.

OF Levi's Tribe, and born in *Cyprus* Iſle,
Antioch City he did ſoon convert;
Some ſay, that Fortune more did on him ſmile
Than others, who had felt moſt bitter Smart.
Yet learned Men unanimous declare,
That at Salmatia he was crucify'd,
Or ſton'd; but either Way it doth appear,
That for the bleſſed Word of Truth he dy'd.

His Feſtival is June 11.

The Soul's Expoſtulation with our Bleſſed Saviour JESUS CHRIST.

ALas! my Lord! when I conſider of that wonderful Charity of thine, that thou, a God of Eternal Majeſty, ſhould not diſdain to be born and ſuffer for my ſake; it melts my Heart to think how much I have offended thee. My deareſt Redeemer, I acknowledge my Unworthineſs, not fit to be called thy Son, ungratefully repaying thy Love, who for me and all Mankind paſſed thro' troubleſome Seas of Calamities, Labours, and Perſecutions. How didſt thou pray to thy Father, inſomuch that thy Tears congealed to Drops of Blood! How patiently didſt thou offer thyſelf to Reproaches, Blaſphemies and the vileſt

Uſage

Uſage from the moſt ignominious among Mankind led from Pilate to Herod, and from Herod to Pilat again; cloathed with a ridiculous Garment; boun to a Pillar, and ſcourg'd 'till a Torrent of Purp Blood ran trickling down thy Body; then adorn in Purple with a ludicrous Sceptre, and ſcornfully ſ luted; compell'd to bear the Burden of thy Croſs; an laſt of all, crucify'd with exceeding Torment b tween Thieves; nailed thro' thy Hands and Feet, t Joints of thy Members diſſolv'd, and all thy Bod hanging upon four bleeding Wounds!

Oh! my Saviour! who can think of this, an not be wounded; but who can think of their Sin and not be ſmitten, for cauſing thy Wounds to ble again! I am ſorry for my Offences, and for n making a right Uſe of thy Satisfaction. But tho who art my Father, the inexhauſtible Fountain Mercies, behold me proſtrate; and, according to m Belief, that no Crimes can exceed the Effects of t bitter Paſſion, ſhew Pity upon me. I caſt my i ordinate Affections and Tranſgreſſions into the F nace of thy divine Love. I am ready to dye rat than to offend thee again; and my purpoſe is throu thy Grace to avoid whatever is diſpleaſing to t for the future. Inſpire me, I beſeech thee, to lo thee with a fervent Love, and deep Compaſſion; make Thee the Object of my Affections; to reſi my ſelf to thy Holy Will; and to be ready to ſu for thy ſake any Injury and Contempt, any Tri lation and Misfortune whatever, even to be depri of any ſenſible Conſolation.

And if ſuch ſhould happen to me, as Perſecut did happen to thy Apoſtles and Followers; amidſt ſuch Troubles, adorn my Soul with thy Merits Graces, as true Humility, Meekneſs, Patience Charity, that my Senſes may be reſtrain'd and Nakedneſs of my Spirit be adorn'd with a per Purity.

O my God! in all the Adverſities I have ſubject to, whether in Poverty, Sickneſs, Temptat or any other Extremity, I never found ſo effec a Remedy, as in the Merits of thy Sufferings.

Life and Hope is in thy Death; and thy Death is my Health, Refuge and Reſurrection. My Soul, which is eſpouſed by Faith, and endowed with Spirit, thou, O JESUS! who haſt dignify'd with thy Image, and redeemed by thy Blood, muſt ſurely inſpire her to love thee, by whom ſhe is ſo much beloved. With exceeding great Devotion, moſt ardent Affection and Fervour ſhe deſires to receive thee. How may ſhe obtain a Union with Thee, O Lord, to find thee alone, to open her whole Heart to thee as ſhe deſires? Truly, thou art her Her Beloved, the Choice among Thouſands, in whom ſhe taketh Pleaſure to dwell all the Days of her Life. How do's ſhe love to remember Thee in that Bleſſed Sacrament, thou thy ſelf haſt inſtituted. Thou art her only Peace-maker, in whom the trueſt Reſt is to be found. You refreſh all thoſe that labour, and are heavy laden, infuſing much Comfort againſt ſundry Tribulations, and lifting them from the Depth of Self-Dejection to the Hope of thy Protection. Thou art a Fountain always ſweet and overflowing, never failing to ſatiſfy the thirſty Soul. So that tho' I labour in the Sweat of my Brow, vexed with Grief of Heart, burthen'd with Sins, troubled with Temptations, oppreſſed, in angled and enſlaved with many evil Paſſions, and there ſeems none to deliver me; yet in Thee, my Saviour, I put my whole Truſt, committing myſelf, and all that is mine, into thy Tuition, that thou may'ſt keep me and them ſafe; and, thro' thy abundant Mercy, bring us all to Life everlaſting. *Amen.*

FINIS.

See the Soul's Arrows, ſhafted with Deſire,
How from her glowing Breaſt to Heav'n aſpire!
Such, ſuch is Prayer, that maketh Heav'n look down,
And give to Mortals, an immortal Crown.
Ah! Bleſſed JESUS! fill our Hearts with Love,
To ſeek Thee here, and reign with Thee above.